Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, February 21, 1918 Number 25

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

WASHINGTON.

When dreaming kings, at odds with swift-paced time,
Would strike the banner down,
A nobler knight than ever writ or rhyme
With fame's bright wreath did crown
Though armed hosts bore it till it floated high
Beyond the clouds, a light that cannot die!
Ah, hero of our younger race!
Great builder of a temple new!
Ruler, who sought no lordly place!
Warrior, who sheathed the sword he drew!
Lover of men, who saw afar
A world unmarred by want or war,
Who knew the path, and yet forebore
To tread, till all men should implore;
Who saw the light, and led the way
Where the gray world might greet the day;
Father and leader, prophet sure,
Whose will in vast works shall endure,
How shall we praise him on this day of days
Great son of fame who has no need of praise?

From Commemoration Ode. —*Harriet Monroe.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 387
Let Us Be Fair 388
Law or Righteousness? Both.—Percy M. Dawson 388

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—
The Unity Calendar 387
Unity is Back of the President on These Lines .. 389
Treatment of Conscientious Objectors 391
Christmas Love vs. Christmas Hate.—LeRoy Coomb 391
From Behind the Bars 392
Barnard's Lincoln.—*Clay MacCauley* 394
An Account of an "Unlawful Assembly."—Floyd Hardin 395
Spiritual Slackers.—Curtis W. Reese 395
The Psychological Moment.—Eufina C. Tompkins 398

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The History and Practice of Religion. Beginnings. VII. How Language Began 396

POETRY—
From the Columbian Commemoration Ode.—*Harriet Monroe* 385
Epitaph for a German Soldier.—*Louis How* 389
My Bruvver.—*Contemporary Verse* 396
In a Winter Wood.—*Clinton Scollard* 399

THE FIELD—
A New Internationalism 399
The Publisher's Announcement 399

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

Buy At Home
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Ave.

Carry a Complete
line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of charge

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine
and Other Drug Using
Successful for 33 Years
and still the best because
we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
Chicago Office:
Suite 906 Rector Bldg.
79 W. Monroe Street

TELEPHONES
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES
and
MEATS

FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

TO UNITY'S NEW READERS

No magazine can live without continual new subscriptions. The best advertisements of any periodical are its readers.
UNITY so far this year has made a remarkable showing.
Its subscription list is rapidly increasing.
We want YOU to help us keep up this showing.
Make it a point to interest at least one new reader in UNITY during 1918.
There *are* thoughtful people who would *like* and who will *read* UNITY.
Pass it around.

Subscription price, $2.00 per year.

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 700 Oakwood Blvd., CHICAGO

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES
Everything in
HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM—DOMESTIC
COAL
TELEPHONE YARDS 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

Bissell Laundry Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street Chicago

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXX. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1918 Number 25

THE UNITY CALENDAR.

SUNDAY: If you cannot find God in the sunlight of today, you cannot find him in the shadows of the past.

MONDAY: The upright man is he who stands up straight in the knowledge of his own divine strength.

TUESDAY: You cannot be higher in character than you are broad in sympathy and deep in thought.

WEDNESDAY: Your income hereafter will be the interest on your investments in the bank of kindness here.

THURSDAY: The problem is not to escape hell hereafter, but to abolish hell here.

FRIDAY: Trust your own thought, however it oppose tradition and the opinion of others.

SATURDAY: There is always the chance that a man's conservatism is but another name for his cowardice.

—C. W. Casson.

The Conference of Unitarian Churches in the Middle States and Canada, called for February 13 and 14, has been postponed to April 17 and 18, on account of the shortage of fuel of the Unitarian Church in Montclair, New Jersey. The reason, alas, is as pertinent as it is sad. We wonder how much fuel has been consumed meanwhile in Montclair in the interest of the disintegrating forces, the immoral habits and aptitudes that gather around the saloons of that town. Postponement gives time for more thought on these lines, and the April meeting ought to be all the more intense and to the point.

Did the woman who reported to a mental science healer, "I read nothing now except the headlines in the daily paper and the literature received from your office," realize that she was staking her intellectual life, to say nothing about the sanity of her conscience, upon the least responsible, incredible and artificial part of the daily paper, which as a whole is fragmentary enough. Every morning the reader who tries to continue his thinking habit while reading discovers a discrepancy between the screeching display lines and the more reliable telegraphic dispatches. If this woman should recover her health of body by this process, what of the sanitary condition of her mind?

What is cheer and inspiration to the Editor must come with encouragement to the readers who seek the weekly visit of Unity, and so this word, coming over the chilling snowdrifts of Canada and the North brings warmth:

> Unity comes in these dark and troubled times with its message of cheer for our heavy and aching hearts bidding us not despair. Other papers seem full of war and the praise of it. Unless you are heart and sole for militarism, and everything connected with it, you are no patriot in these days. Is it not possible sometimes to be so loyal to your country that you may be a traitor to God? One of Edwin Markham's poems concludes with these lines:
>
> "The power to go a path untrod
> The strength to be alone and vote with God."
>
> It is encouraging though that so many are found to lift up their voices in defence of peace. May their tribe increase. Oh, if more were willing to *live* for their country, there might be no need for so many to *die* for it.

Equity is a compact little quarterly published in Philadelphia in the interests of the Initiative, Referendum and Recall, the Short Ballot and other election reforms. A recent issue shows on a map of the United States the present advancement made in this direction. Twenty-two states have constitutional provisions for State-wide initiative and referendum; fifteen states have general laws for municipalities in this direction; seven states have special laws for municipalities; only one state in the Union is printed in the dead black as having no laws or constitutional provisions in this direction, and that state is Indiana. Surely Indiana is not so low down in intelligence or so wanting in progressive voters as this would imply. Does it indicate that in Indiana the party bosses have their constituents best in hand and the parties are so well balanced that all parties are afraid to endanger their power by any deviation from the well guarded party fences?

While war preparations, recruiting, munition-making, ship-building, etc., goes savagely,—some people would say "merrily",—on in the United States, it is becoming more evident day by day that there is an increasing undertow carrying the heart of the nations, our own included, towards peace. However the surface surges may roll with belligerency, the patient prayer of an innumerable host is for a more honorable ending of the war than that which can ever be obtained on battlefield. More valiant than any service that can ever be rendered by our valiant men in uniform is the service rendered by our President, who in his last deliverance made one clearer drive for peace than all the marshalled forces of Allied or Central powers. However anxious the military strategists may be to ignore or conceal the mighty mobilization of soul led by President Wilson in his last address, the world has heard the message, and the hearts of Europe and America are filled with gratitude and hope. The world has become deaf to the awful rhythm of

the tramp of armed men which has shaken continents, but the prophetic ear, close to the ground, hears the muffled tread of a mightier army, ununiformed, unorganized to human eyes, unarmed with weapons more effective than those made of steel, that is marching towards brotherhood, towards democracy. The groans of the mangled, the sobs of the bereaved, the wail of hungry children are being harmonized, transformed into a triumphant anthem, the words of which are older than the Bethlehem cradle, and as divine as the Calvary triumph, "Peace on Earth, Good Will To Men." Do we hear it? Can you catch the notes, and join in the chorus, oh ye "men of the Cross"!

While the very air we breathe is electric with belligerency, any attempt to estimate current events or to measure the power of individuals now in the eyes of the world is unprofitable as well as unsafe. It may yet appear that Trotzky's startling determination to demobilize the armies of Russia, at the same time refusing to sign what he deemed an unrighteous treaty, is one of the most heroic steps taken by a public servant, not only in the history of this war but of all wars. It is probably too much to hope for that even in that land of political surprises we have at last a nation that is willing to trust its destiny to the principle of love and justice, unprotected and unenforced by might. It is the Calvary position. Such a nation may be called upon to carry its own Cross, and to share the fate of the Hero of Calvary—but what then? Sure enough, what then? No German guns can extinguish such a people. No foreign invaders can destroy such a nation, as the story of the submerged nations of history clearly proves. Witness the fate of Jew, Greek, Welsh, Irish, Scotch, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian and Finlander. "But what would become of the world if the Huns unchecked were left free to devastate it?" What *did* become of Napoleon and his triumphant army that captured Moscow? What *did* become of the world conquered by Alexander? The Russia that freed its slaves without shedding of blood, that decreed death to vodka, that dethroned its Czar, is the Russia of Tolstoy, is part of the unconquerable Republic of Man, founded in liberty and justice. Trotzky and his backers may not belong to this Republic. Their motives may not be so clear, their spirit not so heroic as this indicates, but there is the possibility, and, if not to this, then to some other people will be given the crown of righteousness, the halo of triumphant love.

The longer I live the more doubtful I am of the distinction between the times and the things upon which the world places the tags "Important" and "Unimportant." DAVID GRAYSON.

"Let Us Be Fair"

This is the title of a recent timely editorial in the *Christian Register* which needs to be commended with special emphasis to the "pulpiteers" of today. The Government exempts preachers from the necessity of bearing the physical weapons of war. Is it in compensation for this exemption that so many are doing their "bit" over the sacred desk by hurling epithets rich in Sabbath Day profanity against their brethren, who studying the same bible with them, dare trust the law of love in international affairs, and believe that the beatitudes still blaze the way to the Kingdom of God on earth, and that kings and potentates, nations and armies are subject NOW and HERE to the unbending laws of heaven?

"Who art thou that thou shouldst so judge of thy brethren?" We commend to our clerical brethren to study in this connection the charming story of Balaam and his ass—Numbers xxii-xxiv. We will not undertake to decide who is the ass in this connection, but we do commend the oracular message which was delivered by this patient animal, unjustly belabored throughout the ages:

> What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times? And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me: I would there were a sword in mine hand, for now I had killed thee. And the ass said unto Balaam, Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden all thy life long unto this day? Was I ever wont to do so unto thee? And he said, Nay. Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, with his sword drawn in his hand: and he bowed his head and fell on his face.

Law or Righteousness? Both

Not long ago some Christian pacifists met in California for prayer and protest. These persons were roughly handled by the sort of people who usually do such things, and now a little pamphlet has been issued by one of the victims, who asks, "Is this free America?"

That such outrages should occur is not, it seems to me, any indication of lack of *freedom*. It is rather an evidence of the disregard of law. We Americans are not a law-abiding people as are, for example, the German people. In Germany the "traitor" is taken into custody by uniformed men by the order of some authority; in the United States the "traitor" is assaulted by men who are not in uniform and have no authority higher than their own. If the mayor, soldiers or police take part in these outbreaks of violence it is usually because these persons have no more respect for law than have the rest of those mobs of "respectable citizens." This is not so much a country of tyranny as this word is usually understood, as of unauthorized violence. We see this exhibited by employers, workmen, super-patriots, negro-burners and

other self-appointed administrators of "justice." When the law is slow and ponderous, we take the matter into our own hands; when the law is speedy, we try to surpass it in speed and thoroughness; when the case is not covered by any law, we make one immediately and execute it ourselves.

Such violence then should be looked upon as evidence of individual independence, *real* independence, for who is more independent than the man who can hurt or kill his neighbors to his heart's content!

To the question how shall we meet this situation, for I assume that many persons regard the present state of things as undesirable, there are two answers, (1) to develop a more *law-abiding* spirit, (2) to develop a more *generous* spirit. These methods are not mutually exclusive.

The Christian anarchist will lay emphasis on the latter, and he is right, for that is the more fundamental, but this should not cause us to lose sight of the former. A respect for law is a wholesome check to premature and precipitous acts on the part of well meaning persons. We are all premature and precipitous sometimes and some of us are so most of the time, so that we can well afford to erect for ourselves in our sober moments barriers which may hinder our activities during moments of less poise. The Christian anarchist fears the deadening influence of law, but he should remember that Jesus, whom he regards as his prototype, taught and laid great stress upon "The Law and the Prophets." Though it be wrong to deify law, it is foolish to reject this useful—what shall I call it?—safety device in the workshop of man. Let us be ready to admit that we are too lawless as a people and, if we believe that others—say the German people—are enslaved by their respect for law, then we might still with profit seek to attain a golden mean.

Madison, Wis. PERCY M. DAWSON.

EPITAPH FOR A GERMAN SOLDIER.

He thought his country right and loved her well.
  He marched a hundred miles on bleeding feet,
  And crouched in puddles with a crust to eat,
A bloody crust that had a powder smell.
He sang to drown the roaring of a shell:
  The vision in his eyes was very sweet—
  He saw a flower-bordered German street—
And with a clean French bullet-wound he fell.

And those that loved him never are to know
  If he was even shoveled in a trench,
    Grotesque and grim who was their fair delight
From that sweet seed but recollections grow . . .
  Without a ray of hatred for the French,
    He fought for what was wrong, but he was right.

Literary Digest. —*Louis How.*

Unity is Back of the President On These Lines

From President's Buffalo Address November 12, 1917

In my view this is the last decisive issue between the old principles of power and the new principles of freedom.

I believe that the spirit of freedom can get into the hearts of Germans and find as fine a welcome there as it can in any other hearts. But the spirit of freedom does not suit the plans of pan-Germans. Power cannot be used with concentrated force against free peoples if it is used by free people.

Moreover, a settlement is always hard to avoid when the parties can be brought face to face.

We are all of the same clay and spirit, and we can get together if we desire to get together.

There are so many people in Washington that know things that are not so, and there are so few people in Washington who know anything about what the people of the United States are thinking about, I have come away to get reminded of the rest of the country: I have to come away and talk to men who are up against the real thing and say to them, "I am with you if you are with me."

President's Address to Congress December 4, 1917

We know what that price (the price of Peace) will be. It will be full impartial justice—justice done at every point and to every nation that the final settlement must affect, our enemies as well as our friends. You catch with me the voices of humanity that are in the air. . . . They insist that the war shall not end in vindictive action of any kind, that no nation or people shall be robbed or punished because the irresponsible of a single country have themselves done deep and abominable wrong.

It is this thought that has been expressed in the formula "no annexation, no contribution, no punitive indemnities." . . This crude formula expresses the instinctive judgment as to right of plain men everywhere. . . .

We shall be free to base peace on generosity and justice to the exclusion of all selfish claims to advantage even on the part of the victors.

. . . We owe it to ourselves to say that we do not wish in any way to impair or disarrange the Austrian empire. It is no affair of ours what they do with their own life either industrially or politically. We do not purpose or desire to dictate to them in any way. We only desire to see that their affairs are left in their own hands in all matters, great or small.

Our attitude and purpose toward Germany herself are of a like kind. We are not planning against the German empire any interference with her internal affairs. We should

deem either the one or the other utterly unjustifiable, absolutely contrary to the principles we have professed to live by and to hold most sacred throughout our life as a nation.

When I said in January (1917) that the nations of the world were entitled not only to free pathways upon the sea but also to be assured an unmolested access to those pathways, I was thinking and I am thinking now of Austria herself among the rest as well as of Serbia and of Poland. Justice and equality of rights can be had only at a great price. We are seeking permanent, not temporary, foundation for the peace of the world and must seek them candidly. As always the right will prove to be the expedient.

President's Address to Congress January 8, 1918

No statesman who has the least conception of his responsibility ought for a moment to permit himself to continue this tragical and appalling outpouring of blood and treasure unless he is sure beyond a peradventure that the objects of the vital sacrifice are part and parcel of the very life of society, and that the people for whom he speaks think them right and imperative as he does.

Whether their present leaders believe it or not, it is our heartfelt desire and hope that some way may be opened whereby we may be privileged to assist the people of Russia to attain their utmost hope of liberty and ordered peace.

What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in, and particularly that it be made safe for every peace loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression.

All the peoples of the world are in effect partners in this interest, and for our own part we see very clearly that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us. The program of the world's peace, therefore, is our program, and that program, the only possible program as we see it, is this:

1. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

2. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters, alike in peace and war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

3. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

4. Adequate guaranties given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

5. A free, open minded and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims.

. . . . . .

14. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

. . . And the other five points enumerated.

We have no jealousy of German greatness and there is nothing in this program that impairs it. We grudge her no achievements or distinction of learning or of pacific enterprise such as have made her record very bright and very enviable. We do not wish to injure her or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade, if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world—the new world in which we now live—instead of a place of mastery.

Neither do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealings with her on our part that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

We have spoken now, surely, in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question. An evident principle runs through the whole program I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all the peoples and nationalities and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak.

President's Address to Congress February 11, 1918

What is at stake now is the peace of the world. What we are striving for is a new international order based upon broad and universal principles of right and justice—no more peace of shreds and patches.

The test of whether it is possible for either government to go any further in this comparison of views is simple and obvious:

First: That each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular cause and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent.

Second: That peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but that

Third: Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims among rival states; and

Fourth: That all well defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe and consequently of the world.

We believe that our desire for a new international order under which reason and justice and the common interests of mankind shall prevail is the desire of enlightened men everywhere. Without this new order the world will be without peace and human life will lack tolerable conditions of existence and development. . . .

I hope it is not necessary for me to add that no word of what I have said is intended as a threat. That is not the temper of our people. I have spoken thus only that the whole world may know the true spirit of America—that men everywhere may know our passion for justice and for self-government is no mere passion of words, but a passion which, once set in action, must be satisfied. The power of the United States is a menace to no nation or people.

It will never be used in aggression or for the aggrandizement of any selfish interest of our own. It springs out of freedom and is for the service of freedom.

Treatment of Conscientious Objectors

The Executive Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, at its meeting held Wednesday, October 10, 1917, on the motion of the president, the Rev. Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, seconded by Mr. R. Mortimer Montgomery, K. C., chairman of the Civil Rights Committee, adopted the following resolution:

"Desiring as we do to help by every means in our power towards uniting all English speaking people in a determination to carry the war to a completely successful conclusion, and to put an end to the conception that amongst nations Might is Right, we find ourselves compelled to utter a stern protest against the continued disregard of the statutory provisions passed by Parliament with the intention of protecting those who conscientiously object to take any part in the organizations of military force.

"Tortures and cruelties illegally committed, as well as grievous and indeed appalling punishments inflicted within the letter of the law, are besmirching the good name of democracy and the cause of humanity, and are calculated to disturb the minds of many who believe wholeheartedly in the justice, nay, the sanctity, of the cause of the Allies. There are cases of men who have been cruelly done to death; and (apart from cases of men the genuineness of whose professions may be open to doubt) terrible punishments are still being borne by about one thousand of young fellow citizens whose sole crime is that they fanatically believe that to submit themselves to military authority in any form is to commit a grievous sin against right conduct.

"Profoundly as we disagree with their point of view, though some fourteen of them, we are told, belong to our own household of religious faith, we stand for Civil and Religious Liberty, and are all firm believers in the right and duty of private judgment in matters of conscience, and our sense of agreement with the aims of our government and our fellow citizens is deeply disturbed by this lack of humanity towards men who, however unwise, are nevertheless moral enthusiasts.

"The infliction of repeated sentences of imprisonment for what is in truth a single offence is entirely opposed to the spirit and probably even to the letter of English law; yet in a number of cases the sentence of two years' imprisonment with hard labor has been passed for a second time, and the Army Council has now ordered that no part of these sentences shall be remitted.

"We cannot believe that the infliction of these cruel sentences is other than evil, or that it can be excused or condoned because the object desired by those who inflict them is a good one. The treatment accorded to these 'conscientious objectors' appears to us to stand in the same moral category as the brutalities of the military despotism which it is the purpose of the Allies to overthrow, and we call upon His Majesty's Government to take immediate and effective steps to put an end to the present state of affairs, and in this matter to restore the good name and the harmony of our people."

Christmas Love *vs.* Christmas Hate

Those of us who have not been caught up in the vortex of public opinion, who have tried to look dispassionately upon the great world tragedy that is now being enacted, and have felt that the evils precipitating these eventualities might have been overcome with good rather than with so much more evil, have not found in the unthinkable horrors of the battlefield greater tragedies than those that have taken place in the human hearts of our "own familiar friends." Kinsmen have been estranged, friendships have been shattered, clergymen have been separated from their parishes, the means of livelihood have been removed where differences in opinion have occurred. Men have been condemned to contumely, scorn, and some to prison and stripes, because they have continued to cling to a belief professed by the Christian peoples of every nation, a little more than three years ago.

This has been brought home to me on every hand most persistently with the passing of the months, but never more poignantly than on Thanksgiving Day, when I listened to a sermon so full of vituperation and bitterness, both for our "enemy" and those not occupying the preacher's viewpoint that I wondered which were real, the days so shortly gone by when peace seemed to enter into the policy and the religion of our nation, or today when the policy of peace has been forsaken for that of war and our religion has reverted to that of the most ancient Hebrews, an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The antithesis was so striking it seemed that either the past or the present must have been a dream.

Notwithstanding the rancor and vehemence with which the Germans were assailed and the pacifists attacked (death was their just reward) with a naivete that made the situation both pathetic and ludicrous, this preacher told his congregation he did not wish to sow seeds of hatred in our hearts. If he *had* wished to do so he could not have chosen a more effectual way.

Is not this intolerance, this disregard of what we all felt so recently, too sad for words? Is it not, in reality, just this spirit of bitterness and intolerance that is adding fuel to the fire of this devastating warfare? Before we can have a peace that will bear the fruits of peace, shall we not have to look for it in our hearts? Can we have it soon at the rate we are hating one another?

Is not this an appropriate season in which to consider the feelings of others? "Peace on earth, good-will towards men!" I still believe, means not only to those that think our thoughts, but towards all mankind from the least unto the greatest. A little genuine goodwill might save many lives "over there" and bind up many broken hearts at home. LE ROY COOMB,

Supt., Honesdale (Pa.) Boys' Club.

FROM BEHIND THE BARS

A letter from a conscientious objector to military service who is now in a prison cell

"A kind friend speaking of my imprisonment wrote these words in a letter which I received: 'Sometimes I wonder if God has forgotten you—but I think that if your faith is still unshaken mine ought to be.' The best answer to this thought, that because of tribulation God possibly has forgotten the one in trouble, or that at any rate He should deal more kindly with those who sincerely seek to follow Him, is contained in these words of Rousseau: 'One might judge from the complaints of impatient men, that God owes them the reward before they have deserved it, that He is bound to pay for virtue in advance.' Oh! let us first be good, then we shall be happy. Let us not claim the prize before we have finished our work. 'It is not in the lists that we crown our victors in the sacred games,' says Plutarch, 'it is when they have finished their course.'

Never before in all my life have I more vividly realized the near presence of God, and never has my faith in His abiding goodness and love been stronger than now. I feel I am not alone but Jesus himself is living with me in my quiet cell here—his presence seems to fill the humble little room, and my heart leaps up day and night in adoration of Him who has said 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' And this sweet, deep, abiding happiness can be enjoyed by each one of you who surrenders heart and soul to Jesus Christ. Will you listen very quietly to these lines on 'Faith' from John Oxenham's book of poems, 'Bees in Amber'—

1. Lord give me faith! to live from day to day,
With tranquil heart to do my simple part,
And with my hand in Thine, just go Thy way.

2. Lord give me faith! to trust if not to know,
With quiet mind in all things Thee to find,
And child-like, go where Thou wouldst have me go.

3. Lord give me faith! to leave it all to Thee
The future is Thy gift, I would not lift
The veil Thy Love has hung twixt it and me."

Poems Written by Prisoners for Conscience Sake in English Prisons in the Year 1916

Collected by W. C. ALLEN *of Los Angeles, California.*

ETERNAL SUNSHINE.*

Here in my prison cell the sun has been
A constant visitor to cheer my mind;
Quietly he creeps the prison-bars between,
And slowly steals along the wall to find
My face, and finding, gently touches me
With a warm sense of joy, then passes on
To other cells, and leaving silently
With a consolatory kiss—is gone.

Father of Lights! in this I see thy love.
But thou art ever here. No prison bars
Can hinder thee, and thou dost not remove
Thy presence, like "The sun and the other stars."
Thou dost abide. We are not bound but free,
And strange new liberty we here have won
Who know the Light that comes to all from thee,
In solitude our Great Companion.

REFLECTIONS OF A PRISONER UNDER THE DEFENCE OF THE REALM ACT.

My leaded panes, severely crossed
With iron bars, are blue with sky;
Whilst pure as sun-bright flakes of frost
The clouds emerge and travel by.

Strange to reflect, thus to be pent
In prison, for a little seed
Sown by the wayside, as we went
To meet the world's most grievous need.

And yet, what hope, may be to find
Some far off day when that is told:
"In this one's and in this one's mind
The word brought forth a hundred-fold."

Thus in my little cell to rest
I do not find it *all* unsweet,
Though unbarred skies are surely best
And open ways for wandering feet.
July 6, 1916.

CHRISTMAS IN PRISON.

Can the great King of Christmas dwell
Within the frowning prison walls
And tread these gloomy echoing halls
And share my solitary cell?

Thus have I asked; but to my mind
There comes a vision of the shed
Where with no pillow for his head
The Lord of heaven and earth reclined.

No luxuries that wealth can bring
Were there for him—no bed of down,
No jewels rare, no royal crown,
No palace worthy of a king—

But within walls of rough-hewn stone,
With floor of bare hard-trodden earth,
The King of Christmas had his birth,
A wooden manger for his throne.

So though within a humble room
This year a captive I must be,
I dare to hope he'll dwell with me,
And lighten all the prison gloom.

Written from Wormwood Scrubs prison just before Christmas '16 by Oswald Clark of Doncaster Meeting, England.

THE CELL WINDOW.

Blue sky, grey flying clouds and shining stars,
Are all that I can see between the bars,
Of my cell window—yet what more need
Of beauty, than the stars and clouds and sky.

Blue sky that spans the earth an azure dome,
I know is boundless. And when far from home,
Upon a cloudless day I glance above,
It tells me of a Father's boundless love.

Grey stormy clouds, that hang aloft like lead,
While muttering thunder fills the earth with dread,
Are filled with God's own rain, His precious gift,
And when the rain has fallen, clouds will lift.

Each tiny star, that shines above at night,
Is really one vast world. 'Tis my poor sight
And human vision dwarfs the distant view,
As oft I dwarf God's love and goodness too.

For limitless as is the boundless sky,
And filled with goodness as the clouds that fly,
Magnificent as those vast worlds above,
So is the Father's overwhelming love.

Composed in 1916 *in Armley Goal by Oswald Clark.*

* A. Barratt Brown, a Friend well known and beloved by many in America has been imprisoned in England for conscience sake. The above verses dated "Pentonville (prison), Aug. 13th, 1916," signed "A. B. B." were printed in Friends' Fellowship Papers for November.

The past is dark, the present black as night—
Thine is the future—Thine to mar or make.
The world is longing for the morning light,
Watching and waiting for the dawn to break.
Lo, o'er thy hills the sun of Peace may rise
To chase the night forever from the skies.

Disarm, O England! Strong in His great Name,
Who stilled the storm and bade the tempest cease.
Thou, who art risking all in war's sad game,
Dare now to stake thy life for Christ and Peace,
The world will follow joyfully thy lead,
And unborn peoples hail thee great indeed.

—*Oswald Clark,*
Wormwood Scrubs Prison, 1917.

A PRAYER IN PRISON.

O heart, that beats with every human heart,
O heart, that weeps with every human tear,
O heart, that sings with every human song,
Fill our slow hearts with flood-tides of Thy love;
That they may beat with every human heart,
That they may weep with every human tear,
That they may sing with every human song,
And thus, through Thee, unite with all mankind.

—*Maurice Rountree.*
Prisoner for Conscience Sake, 1917.

JORDAN'S SUNDIAL.

"In the fury of the gale,
'Neath the lash of stinging hail,
When the morning stars grow pale;
'Love endures.'

"Through the sunshine and the showers,
Still the sundial mid the flowers
Gives its message to the hours:
'Love endures.'

"Wars may rage and shatter peace,
Dangers threaten, foes increase;
Yet the wrath of man must cease:
'Love endures.'

"Locked behind a prison gate,
Friends may dwell far separate;
But the loyal heart can wait:
'Love endures.'

"Faith and trust are oft betrayed,
Hope's young blossoms droop and fade;
Love alone is ne'er dismayed:
'Love endures.'

"Though the garden lie untended
Still the motto runs unended:
'Love from Heaven has descended,
And endures.'"

The above poem on Jordans' Sundial was written by Eric P. Southall.

"THE BLIND RECEIVE THEIR SIGHT—AND THE DEAF HEAR."

"Yes, some of us, O Lord, are blind,
We fail to see the way of Life,
And o'er our path we oftimes find
The clouds of doubt, of fear and strife.
Oh, open, Lord, our eyes that we
May see the Light—and follow Thee.

"And some of us are deaf to hear
Thy gentle knock, Thy pleading call,
The din of life, forever near,
Keeps from our ears Thy voice withal.
Oh, open, Lord, our ears that we
May heed Thy voice—and follow Thee.

"Still more of us are dumb to tell
The glorious message of Thy love;
We seek the praise of men too well
To sing the praise of God above.
Oh, open, Lord, our lips that we
May speak to others more of Thee.

"And some of us, O Lord, are dead
To all the promptings of the soul;
With careless step life's road we tread,
With selfish ease we seek the goal.
O raise us, Lord to life, that we
May live for evermore with Thee.

"And all of us are pressed with cares,
We are perplexed and weak and worn,
Thy golden seed is mixed with tares
That grow more thickly than the corn.
Oh give us, Lord, Thy Strength, that we
May, thoughout life, be strong for Thee."

Written by Douglas R. Bishop while in goal.

THE ONLY WAY.

A Treaty torn to shreds by Tyrant hand—
Murder and outrage, fire and crime and sword.
A people driven from their Fatherland—
A nation ruined at a Monarch's word;
What could we do? Was England, free and great,
To leave the weak and helpless to their fate?

What could we do? At once the answer sped
Throughout our land as the devouring flame
Roars through the forest—windswept, fierce and red;
From North and South the cry for vengeance came;
"England to Arms! there is no other way
Such foes to face, or such wrongs to repay!"

No other way? And yet today we see
Where that way leads—the wide world drenched in blood—
Great nations ruined—England, once so free,
Forging the chains of her own servitude,
And, rising from the heart of friend and foe
A wail of deep unutterable woe.

No other way? One way was still untried,
A way no nation yet has dared to tread,
The way He trod, alone, with wounded side,
With nail-pierced hands and feet and thorn-crowned head;
Who, for His children, lost in sin and strife
Offered Himself and died to give them life.

O England, once more thou hast fully poured
Thy wealth and blood before His Throne above,
And once again with Thy avenging sword
Essayed to follow in Christ's Way of Love—
And once more thou hast found, alas, too late,
That War's wild music changes love to hate.

—*Author Unnamed.*

WHERE IS THE HOUSE OF GOD?

Where is the house of God that I may go and pray?
Is it where lifted sod is blessed on festal day?
Is it where hand of man has wrought an edifice divine,
When builder's skill and artist's thought, in raising it, combine?

Is it where robed priest leads multitudes in prayer,
Where all may come and feast on sermons rich and rare?
Is it where organ loudly peals and choir divinely sings,
Where richest altar cloth conceals God's so-called holy things?

No, no! God's house may be in any spot on earth,
Where eye of man can see the vision of Love's birth.
When from the glorious heavens, comes down for human feet,
The ladder of God's perfect love—there is God's house complete.

—*William Harrison.*
Written in Wormwood Scrubs Prison, England.

Barnard's "Lincoln"

A Criticism of the Statue by One Who Knew Lincoln

Discussion over the worth of the statue of Abraham Lincoln, the work of George Grey Barnard, and now the subject of widespread attention in America, may be of little moment in Japan. But, personally, and because of Lincoln's place in history, I feel deeply over the controversy that has been aroused; and having read the various articles connected with this controversy that have appeared in the *Advertiser*, especially the excerpt from the New York *Outlook* recently, I am prompted to have "my say" about it. This prompting comes of a belief that I have opinions about Mr. Barnard's work that are of real and of pertinent value. I have seen only photographs of the statue, to be sure, but these pictures have been taken from several good points of view, all telling what I most need to know of the sculptor's work.

As a piece of sculpture, as an artistic achievement no one can fairly question Mr. Barnard's success. He is one of the leading artists of the time and has achieved much in his special art that is of very high merit. In the domain of imagination he is among the royalty. And MacMonnies certainly judges aright when he praises his fellow worker for his "vision" of Lincoln; his "thought" of "Lincoln as a rugged, worn, sad, kindly spiritual human being." "That is his vision." But in the *New York Times* is the judgment that "the very virtue of the Barnard statue is that it is not done in the aspect of clarified history." (I suppose the word "clarified' 'is used here as an equivalent for "idealizing.") "It is a living, not a historical Lincoln; the Lincoln of Sangamon County, the circuit riding lawyer, the Commander-in-Chief who wrote the wonderfully tender letter to Mrs. Bixley" about her dead son. That is,—the *Times* writer seems to claim that the actual Lincoln, in form and feature, is reproduced in the statue.

Here, then, are two judgments resulting from very different premises;—an artist's idealizing vision leading to the one; an overstrained effort to reproduce a semblance of the actual man, as he was among men, dominating the other. But I cannot avoid the conviction that in the Banard "Lincoln" neither judgment is justified by fact. Artistic vision unquestionably is there, but it has become a failure as to its giving a Lincoln portraiture in that it is expressed through a bodily form whose exaggerated gaucherie was never part of the appearance or demeanor of the Abraham Lincoln who was President of the United States. Also, a semblance of the living, actual Illinois lawyer, who was elected to the leadership of the American Union in 1861, appears in the Barnard sculpture illumined by a suggestion of his kindliness and earnest spirituality of nature; but this semblance is wretchedly at fault because of the evident effort the artist has made to show, beyond question, that the great man was really in make up and pose of body a most ungainly, gawkish, and crude product of the uncultured social conditions of the pioneer West.

Competent as I am through fortunate circumstances to write these criticisms, I can almost accept the angry repudiation of the statue made by President Lincoln's son, Hon. Robert Lincoln, in his declaration that "The result is a monstrous figure which is grotesque as a likeness of President Lincoln and defamatory as an effigy." I cannot use quite as strong language as this, but I am compelled to say that as a statue, really expressive of and worthy to be a memorial of the great man whose place in American history it would honor, it is a lamentable failure.

It so happened, when I was entering manhood, that the privilege came to me of seeing President Lincoln many times and in many different surroundings. I first saw him in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, when he was on his way to Washington for his inauguration. Then, I saw him almost daily, for about six weeks in the following winter in his passage through my father's office into the adjoining office of Mr. Cameron, then Secretary of War. I met him also at the public receptions in "The White House." Several times when I was in the army I saw the President in his visits to our camps. Also, our family pew in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, was not far from that of the President. I believe, therefore, that I am one of very few persons alive now who can speak knowingly of the President's appearance and manner. These were somewhat awkward, I admit, and his body was, in a way, ungainly. But, as I wrote long ago, "At these physical limitations, detraction of Lincoln's appearance must cease." An impression of these defects never remained with those who were once brought into personal contact, or conversation, with him. That we may begin to understand the true personality of Abraham Lincoln his bodily gaucherie must be accepted and allowed to pass out of notice, just as it almost always did with those who had once met him face to face and come to know him for what he was in mind and heart."

Mr. Barnard never could have seen Mr. Lincoln. He must make use of "a vision" in order to produce anything bearing Mr. Lincoln's name. Mr. MacMonnies, who praises the statue most enthusiastically, could never have seen him. He can speak only of the sculptor's "vision" and what he has reproduced from that. Mr. John S. Sargent, who was never so situated as to have seen the President or could have remembered him had he seen him, can only praise the sculptor's work as Art. Other laudatory critics like De Forest Brush and Thayer can speak only as critics of an "ideal," and Theodore Roosevelt finds in Barnard's work, "the Great Democrat." "The greatest statue of our age," that "has revealed the greatest soul of any age."

Of course, no true lover of Lincoln and of what he lived and died for would demand of a memorial statue that it should be but a plaster cast or a photographic reproduction, but I think that, in giving plastic form to a "vision" of the man, no artist has a right to make a caricature of physical uncomeliness, in order to give added prominence by such caricature to accompanying spiritual excellence. A gross personal and social wrong is done when a critic is induced to say, because of the artistic exaggeration responsible for it "How the beauty of his spirit is enhanced by the very homeliness of his body." Certainly here, I am confident, the end does not justify the means. The real Lincoln, whom I knew, if given a faithful physical reproduction, and if that faithful reproduction were then transfigured by a true artistic "vision," —that Lincoln would never call forth condemnation

for its ugliness or unworthiness. I believe that such a memorial would be gladly accepted as the Lincoln sure, for the ages as being the object of the admiration and homage of hosts of the mankind for whom he gave a full measure of devotion.

Barnard's Lincoln, I am confident, can never gather about it the admiring and reverent devotion that the ages to come are sure to consecrate to the memory of the President who guided the American Union through its momentous struggle for existence.

Clay MacCauley.

The Japan Advertiser, Tokyo, November 9.

An Account of an "Unlawful Assembly."

Two Weeks in the Los Angeles Jail

Through an oversight our bondsmen were not present at court Saturday morning when we received sentence, and although they were speeding toward the court room at twelve o'clock when court closed, the Clerk would not wait, but loaded Story and myself into the patrol wagon with seven prostitutes, one of whom abused us in the most unspeakable language for not being in the front line trenches. We were thrown into a cell in the city jail with eight other men in the same "tank." Friends brought us in some lunch, but when we spread it out on the table to eat it and the hungry boys gathered around eyeing the pie, etc., neither Story nor I had the heart to eat, but let the boys "go to it," which they did eagerly, since nothing but vegetable stew and rye bread is served to them and that only twice a day.

We proceeded immediately to hold an unlawful assembly and opened with that seditious hymn, "Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love." Following this we recited the twenty-third Psalm, offered prayer and made a short speech on the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Through an oversight on the part of the Los Angeles police, no mob appeared during these religious exercises, although Story and I were both eager to be dispersed and deported. The boys were highly interested and sat on the bench before us smoking cigarettes during the progress of the meeting. They heartily approved of the Fellowship principles, shouting out, "Say, pal, you have the right idea"—"Hasn't that guy got a bean on him," etc. I permitted the boys to smoke during divine worship, explaining to them, however, that I was not accustomed to do this in my regular church services. The audience consisted of one Mexican revolutionist, one opium peddler, three daylight burglars, one drunk, one blind man and one man totally deaf who spoke nothing but French. The blind man had been thrown into jail by a "nice" lady because there are no public toilets in Los Angeles. The deaf Frenchman had been in the great war and had lost his hearing through the explosions of the great guns; his eyesight also was quite gone because of the poison gas. I talked to him on my fingers and he said he had no idea why he had been thrown into jail.

We organized a quartette among the fellows and let them pick out the songs. One of them had been in a reform school, and being compelled to go to church every Sunday morning, he remembered "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," and "Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow." We sang the last-named doxology and it struck me as the most amazing irony. We also sang "Throw Out the Life Line," "When the Roll is Called up Yonder," and "There shall be Showers of Blessing." We made pretty fair music. I suggested that perhaps we were singing too loud and that the jailer might come and "deport" me, whereupon the fellows said they would like to see him lay a finger on me.

We had a little theological discussion in which we all agreed that each man made his own hell, and this was heartily concurred in by the drunk, who had manufactured his own hell out of two pints of Cedar Brook whiskey.

About four o'clock the jailer pounded on the iron bars with a steel rod and all the animals in the "tank" filed out to sit down at the board tables where they serve up the swill to the beasts. I ate a little of it, as I had not eaten anything that day, not even breakfast, and while we were eating we were called out and taken to the court room, where the Clerk had kindly made an engagement to meet our bondsmen at four o'clock, although there was no court on Saturday afternoon and he was not obliged to return. In a few minutes we were free again, and the first thing we did was to send up the fellows some pies and chewing tobacco, and do some little errands for them, such as mailing letters, etc.

FLOYD HARDIN.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Spiritual Slackers

A spiritual slacker is a person who in the realm of action is untrue to his ideals.

The well known proverb, "As a man thinks, so is he," should be enlarged so as to read, As a man thinks and acts so is he. Thought impels action, and action in turn provokes thought. Thought is never at its best apart from action; and action is never at its best without thought. When thought and action function jointly, emotion sanctifies both.

Thought creates and action tests ideal-patterns-of-action. Thus we arrive at practical ideas, which are powerful in the formation of character, in the development of personality, in the creation of values, and in the vitalization of life.

The power of an ideal does not stop with the individual. One man's ideal, if backed by intelligent action, may become the pattern for a community, for a nation, for the world.

We have the right to expect and we do expect people to translate their ideals into action. The quality of ideals is more quickly discovered when brought out in action.

The higher a man's ideals the more we expect from him and the less we excuse him for failing to make good in the realm of action. Witness the general condemnation of the spiritual leader who goes wrong. We expect noble action from the man who thinks noble thoughts. *Noblesse oblige* applies here as elsewhere.

One group of spiritual slackers is composed of people who believe in an ideal but who have no faith in their ability or opportunity to put that ideal into practice. Some of these people are too weak, they

under-rate themselves and misinterpret their environment. Others of this group do not really desire to realize the ideal lest it conflict with lower ideals which they deny theoretically but which they actually practice. It is easy to regard an ideal as impracticable when it conflicts with some pet weakness of our own.

Another group of spiritual slackers is composed of people who hold an ideal when it is easy and respectable so to do, but who fail when the testing time comes. Anybody can hold an ideal while he faces little or no opposition; but the man worth while is the man who can hold an ideal when kin and friends forsake him and starvation and ignominy stare him in the face. A worth-while-man does not fear to stand alone. He knows that where there is no independent thinking, or no opposition to the independent thoughts, there is no extension of knowledge. The world would never have moved forward if somebody had not held an advanced ideal, one utterly out of harmony with current ideals, held in spite of all opposition—even unto death.

Another group of spiritual slackers is composed of people who having failed to attain the success they have expected in realizing their ideals, grow weary and quit. Living in a world where it is said that nothing succeeds like success, they have fallen a victim to the popular fallacy that the successful is right. They need to learn that sincere effort to attain an ideal is its own excuse for being. Nothing is more beautiful than sincere effort to attain an ideal. He who lives for an ideal, though he never sees its realization, has not lived in vain.

A final group of spiritual slackers is composed of people who are deterred from an effort to realize their ideals by the thought, It never has been done; or by somebody's statement that, This isn't the way we've been doing it. They excuse themselves with the explanation that they are not understood or that they are ahead of their time. They grieve over the inability of the masses to understand their superior thought. They fail to understand that it is a part of their business to make themselves understood. Let all such re-examine their ideals, and determine if they are living their ideals; and if they be again convinced in their own souls, they should pay no heed to the blind worshippers of the past who attempt to deter them.

The patriotism of life is exemplified in him who in spite of all persuasion to turn aside, presses upward and ever upward till he reaches the heights of hope—that blessed condition of the soul that knows no defeat! CURTIS W. REESE.

Des Moines, Iowa.

MY BRUVVER.

My bruvver's gone away to be a sojer,
He's goin' to have a gun an' sleep in tents,
And ever since he went my ma's been cryin'
And daddy gives me dimes instead of cents.

I hope the German sojers won't be naughty,
I don't want mamma cryin' any more
An' I don't want my daddy feelin' lonely,—
I wish things was the way they was before.

Contemporary Verse. —*L. M.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

VII.

How Language Began

"Words are the only things that live forever."

The origin of words. All the discussions of civilization and inspiration hark back to the ultimate inspiration given to us in the power to use words. Here again psychic evolution parallels the physical, and communion between one individual and another was well established in the world long before man came. The birds have a language for joy and love, the ecstasy of life breaks out into song. The higher communal animals, the monkey, elephant and dog, all those who run in packs, have a vocabulary by which they can summon their kind in warning, can rally their forces.

One of the neatest, cleanest cut myths in the Old Testament is the story of the Tower of Babel found in the first nine verses of the eleventh chapter of Genesis. It is a disconnected bit of folklore, scarcely referred to elsewhere in the Jewish scriptures. The story is told on the assumption that man started with one language and the human family so prospered under that bond of unity that they became a great people. They were so great that they decided to build a tower into heaven that would lift them into the realm of the gods. They built so fast, succeeded so well that the gods became alarmed lest mortals should invade their territory and challenge their rights. After a council of war they went down to earth and confused the language of these mortals. The plot succeeded. The babel of tongues put an end to the co-operative work made possible only by a common language.

Although without any scientific foundation this myth has a psychic and sociological value. We now know that in the valley of the Euphrates the Babylonians built this structure of seven stories, each a different color, with outside stairway and on the top a temple, Bab-el,—the house of God, a root word which was much used by the early Semites.

In here belongs the story told by William Sullivan, an ex-Catholic priest, now a Unitarian minister, of an old priest who was much distressed over the Darwinian agitation. For diversion he went to a circus, became interested in the animals, especially one grandfather monkey, who imitated the priest and seemed to recognize him when he repeated his visit. Finally, perhaps expecting a reward, the old monkey put out his paw. This was too much for the old priest, who with tears in his eyes said, "Aye, my bye, spake but one word and I'll baptize ye." One word would bridge the chasm between animal and man.

Jack London in his "Call of the Wild," brings out the fact that according to science the civilized dog

shows his response to environment in no way so clearly as in his speech. The cultivated dog has at least twelve or fourteen different modes of expression; fear, warning, anxiety, loneliness, hunger, joy, etc., he can express so as to be understood. But when the accomplished, civilized dog gradually slipped back again to be a leader of the pack he lost his power of speech. The wild dog cannot bark, he can only howl.

Frederick Starr in his little book, "Some First Steps in Human Progress," gives three chapters on gesture language. Tylor gives four chapters out of twelve to the development of language. Sign language is, of course, the earliest, and scholars tell us that now certain tribes of Laplanders and Eskimos cannot carry on a conversation in the dark. Their few words are inadequate without the help of gestures. As an illustration of the efficiency of such communication Professor Starr tells of a delegation of Indians which was sent from a western tribe to Washington with a petition. They did not understand, nor could they speak a word of English and in the presence of the "Big Father," the white man, the old chief made his petition with six gestures.

"The first—the right fist closed, with thumb extended, is lifted to the forehead and the thumb is drawn across it along a horizontal line; second—the two hands, held before the body at a distance of about eighteen inches with the palms toward the chest, are slowly drawn horizontally toward the body; third — the right hand is extended before the body, open at about the level of the waist as if in greeting; fourth—the right hand is held vertically before the face, at same distance, with the palm toward the face, the thumb bent inward, and the four upright fingers slightly separated; fifth—the right hand, folded except the first and second fingers, which are at first held parallel and together, is lifted to the lips; it is then swung outward from the lips and at the same time the two fingers are slightly separated; sixth—both hands are held at the same time a little before the chest, the fists clinched; they are then swung downward and outward and with some force until the arms hang at the sides. Such was the story of Lean Wolf.

All of which meant that white men wear hats, the first sign used by all Indian tribes to mean white man. The second sign means "with us," the fourth four—"the white man made a treaty of peace with us four (years) ago." The fifth sign is very plain. White man was two-tongued, he said one thing and meant another. The sixth, "I am done, I have nothing more to say."

We unconsciously reinforce our language with gestures. One writer tells of a band of Laplanders in London who were in severe seclusion for want of mediums of communication. When visited by a band of deaf and dumb children they were as remote and glum as usual until they discovered that their visitors could talk only by gesture. Then they had a good time.

In sign, gesture and picture language there is a whole realm of extension of fellowship. Perhaps fifty years ago a delegation of Indians was sent to Washington to ask for the privilege of fishing in the small lakes leading out from Lake Superior. Seven tribes combined in preparing the petition which was painted in pictures on the inside of pig skin. Each tribe had a symbol. The chief tribe represented by a stork, the others by otto, marten, musk-rat, elk, manfish totem and catfish totem. Each animal had an eye and a heart. The eyes were all connected by slender lines to the eye of the chief. The hearts were connected in the same way with the heart of the stork. Another line from the eye of the stork connected with the chain of lakes, on to Lake Superior and still another to the United States Congress. Those tribes, united in head and heart, asked permission of the government at Washington to fish in those small lakes.

The story of what has been done for the deaf and dumb finds application in this lesson. It means disaster for a deaf child to reach ten or twelve years of age before receiving special instruction. By that time they have developed a working vocabulary of gesture, sign, by which they are enabled to make their simple wants known and their simple affections felt, but can never get much farther. But when such a child has learned to use artificial signs to indicate a word, measure a thought, realize the boundless realm of the past and enter into the experiences of the generations, the wisdom of the ages; the greatest of human achievements has been consummated. This achievement is exemplified in the emancipation of Laura Bridgman and the re-creation of Helen Kellar.

Samuel G. Howe's great difficulty in working with Laura Bridgman was to reach the perception of that deaf, sightless child, with the thought that arbitrary movements of mouth and throat make a word and that certain words always mean the same thing. No wonder that when realization came she laughed aloud. Although Miss Sullivan in her efforts with Helen Kellar began where Dr. Howe left off she had the same difficulty to contend with and only by insisting on being given absolute control of the passionate and oftimes violent child could Miss Sullivan carry her through the crucial test. All that Helen Kellar has been able to accomplish has been the result of that one idea, that artificial signs mean words and words mean things. And what happened in the lives of these two girls happened in the development of the race.

We have a classic illustration in the re-discovery of the language of the Egyptians. Those hieroglyphics, the writers of which had been dead perhaps two thousand years, were for many years undecipherable. In 1799 when Napoleon had led his army into Egypt, a French officer engaged in digging trenches near the mouth of the Nile, came upon a broken stone about 3½ by 2½ feet, upon which there were three kinds of writing, the first hieroglyphics, the second demotic and the third Greek. On the assumption that the three languages told the same story, an English scholar, Young, and the Frenchman, Champollion, were able to obtain a key to the Egyptian language. In each writing on that famous Rosetta Stone was a cartouche containing the word "Ptolomy" from which a phonetic connection was traced and the secret discovered of an alphabet of sounds.

How are we going to realize this great human achievement, human invention, contrivance of human wit? How elastic and marvelously full is our word alphabet itself! Alpha, beta, the words fall in line, multiply and reach back. Emerson says every word is a frozen picture. No book was ever printed so full of romance and poetry as the dictionary.

When Louis Kossuth was sentenced to imprisonment for three years and forbidden intercourse with his fellows, except his family, and they only at rare intervals, that Hungarian hero, that "traitor" took with him three books, an English dictionary (Walkers), Shakespeare and an English Bible. At the end of those three years spent in a cell he came out an ac-

complished English scholar, an effective speaker for the cause for which he worked.

At the First Hague Conference, the late W. T. Stead said that the real international congress was not then in session at the Hague but at Antwerp where the Esperantoists were in conference. Esperanto and Iddo are perhaps dead or dying attempts at an international language but they indicate the root of the matter. We have not a particle of scientific evidence to show that man began with one language; quite the contrary. Speech began with countless variations and differences but with the development of man we are growing towards a universal language. Within the last thousand years a fusion of tongues has made the English language. Universal speech is the trend of culture and universal speech means comity and amity.

References:

Early History of Mankind, Edward B. Tylor.
Some First Steps in Human Progress, Frederick Starr.
Man before Metals, N. Joly.
Life and Growth of Language, William Dwight Whitney.
The Story of the Alphabet, Edward Clodd.
Races and Peoples, D. G. Brinton.

(1) What is the forerunnner of speech?
(2) Give story of Tower of Babel.
(3) What do you know of vocabulary of Esquimos? of Indians?
(4) Tell story of Laura Bridgman.

The Psychological Moment

The American people who are becoming infected with war madness need to be reminded frequently of the government's aims, plainly avowed by the President and by the administration, in its participation in the European struggle, namely: To substitute for autocracy and militarism the rule of the people by orderly methods; and the establishment of a basis for international Peace upon the principles of liberty and justice. And in doing this we are pledged to be free from any desire to dictate to any nation its form of government, or to meddle with its internal affairs; only to insist that a government shall be sufficiently representative of its people that its pledges may be more than a scrap of paper to be torn in pieces and flung to the winds at the will of an autocrat, who, as in Germany of today, is as surely an insane man, as the scientists, psychological and medical, of all nations are sure that paranoiac insanity is on the increase and is incurable. His continued declaration that God is his side-partner in managing the world would be vaudevillian burlesque, but for the tragedy involved. This being true, the afflicted people of Germany, the hundreds of them in prisons for "seeing the light," deserve our aid, our support. They and their progenitors loved the Fatherland before the Prussian abnormity succeeded to the "throne."

The seeds of democracy are stirring the soil of Europe today as never before, even under the feet of the soldiers—German soldiers. Our own correspondents over there have said this. A dispatch from Petrograd (Associated Press) says:

> Delegate Kamenoff declares "If the Germans insist upon these terms Russia will conclude peace, not with the German imperialists but with the representatives of the people, the Socialists of Germany."

The German people believe now they are fighting to save their country. What they will do after the fighting is done and Germany is safe within her boundaries, they are keeping hushed in their hearts. The democracy of Europe and America must not miss the opportune moment—must remember it is to nourish and guide this up-crowding sentiment, not to exhibit their strength and superiority; not to go on killing good democratic stock to save the iron imperialism of a madman! Can the nations of intelligence and comprehension rescue these desperate, misguided people from the clutch of their mad despot without sacrificing any more of the blood of which democracies are made?

Now "our blood is up," say our ambitious Militarists and our War Profiteers, we must show the world!—must make the nations of the earth respect and fear our strength—which is precisely the spirit that animated the Kaiser when he prepared for and started this conflagration. The enormous cost and waste of war, in its beginning, in this country, is already appalling to those who bear the burdens of militarism on foreign soil and of maintaining something like peace and unity at home with hatred and conflict growing into a frenzy that becomes irresponsible. The provocation to engage in this war was compelling; the actions and utterances of the Madman are exasperating beyond endurance. Shall we, forgetting our aim and endeavor, let human passions have sway? "Greater is he who ruleth his own spirit than he who taketh a city."

But look at the money we have spent in preparation! Can we miss this opportunity for an exhibition of supremacy? We are laying the foundation for a militarism that shall out-kaiser the Kaiser, proclaiming, in other words, our raging Roosevelt, close kin to the Kaiser in temperament—the same Roosevelt whose friendship with the Kaiser won for our capital city a statue to Frederick "the Great," whose life the youth of America were advised to study and emulate—the same Roosevelt who told a Prussian Junker official in those days of confidence what conquests he thought his Empire might safely consider! Verily have we become "Enemies of our own household" more insidious and cunning than any alien population.

This country will have sufficient opportunity to expend its treasure and gain the world's respect and confidence in the tremendous task of rehabilitation that confronts the nations; and will be, thereby, fulfilling its avowed mission. The great problem in America this moment is, shall the "Star in the West," sung by England's poet, continue in the ascendancy or shall it go down in the storm?

EUFINA C. TOMPKINS.
218 *Lake St., San Francisco.*

It isn't only the things you get, it's *how* you use them. It isn't only the things you do, it's *why* you do them. GILBERT PARKER.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

—*Exchange.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Charles W. Casson, Francis A. Christie, George Willis Cooke, Percy M. Dawson, Frank C. Doan, Charles F. Dole, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Chester Lloyd Jones, David Starr Jordan, Newton Mann, George Grover Mills, Fred A. Moore, George W. Nasmyth, William M. Salter, Frederick Starr, Jabez T. Sunderland, Albert R. Vail, Arthur L. Weatherly, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West

The UNITY Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

A NEW INTERNATIONALISM.

American members of the Anglo-American Mission of the Society of Friends are organized in the Department of Civil Affairs as the Bureau of the American Friends' Unit, though the direction of the work is under a joint English and American committee. A grant by the Red Cross in August of Frs. 533.000 and a subsequent grant in November of Frs. 460.000, to cover the period till May 1, have made it possible for the Mission to enlarge all its previous lines of work and in addition to establish several new activities: the Red Cross Baby Home, near Vitry-le-François for children under four years of age, whose homes are in the dangerous strip of land behind the armies; a civilian hospital of 30 beds shortly to be opened at Sermaize; agricultural centers at Golancourt and Gruny, in the devastated regions; a new factory for the making of portable houses at Ornans, and units for the repair of damaged buildings and erection of portable houses at various points in the devastated areas.

The membership of the Mission is now 314, of whom 138 are Americans. Of the Americans, 19 have been detailed for duty in various Red Cross activities for which they were especially fitted, 36 are engaged in the manufacture of portable houses, 12 are in hospital work, 7 in general refuge work, 31 in the erection of portable houses and in the repair of damaged buildings, 18 in agricultural centers and the remainder in general administrative work. Winter threshing is going on in barns in the Marne region; about Golancourt forty acres have been plowed and sown to winter wheat. The arrival of planing mill machinery from America during December will make possible the manufacture and erection of 12 portable houses each week. Members of the Mission have co-operated with the Bureau of Tuberculosis in converting the Château Hachette into the Edward L. Trudeau Sanatorium and in equipping the Asile Caserne du Luxembourg at Toul for the Children's Bureau.—*From Report of American Red Cross in France.*

THE PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

The No-Tobacco Journal makes its initial appearance, which we hope is the second step in what will eventually result in the greatest reform of modern times—the abolition of tobacco.

About three years ago, the first step was taken when a little company of earnest Christian men organized the No-Tobacco League of America, a brief history of which is published elsewhere in this paper. This publication is the official organ of that League. By it we will keep the friends of the cause posted as to the progress and doctrines of the League, and put into the hands of its friends each month, a quantity of reliable and up-to-date information for the education of the public on the evils of tobacco in all its forms.

The No-Tobacco League is the first and only organization yet formed on adequately broad grounds, and advocating the scientifically correct principles necessary to effectually combat this great evil and offer reasonable hope for final success. To fight the cigaret only, is to fight the effect and leave the cause to flourish. This is one of the fundamental truths upon which the general public must be informed. We are for "No-Tobacco"—against tobacco in every form.

The No-Tobacco Journal will know no other cause than the education of the people on this one important subject and the final abolition of the use of tobacco.

We will know no particular church or religious sect, but ask the co-operation of all churches and all good people everywhere. We appeal to all Christian people for co-operation and support on the ground of duty to God and humanity. Though our pages shall be thoroughly Christian and endeavor to maintain the highest standard of Christian principles, we are not out to attack any church or religious organization nor to establish any particular religious doctrine other than our Christian duty toward this one monstrous evil.

What we want particularly just now is to get in touch with the good men and women all over this land who have already awakened to the evils of tobacco, so as to aid them in their efforts and solicit their co-operation in this great undertaking. To that end we have placed the subscription price at only 25c a year and ask you to show your good will by immediately sending your subscription to the Publisher,—or better get up a club of subscribers and send them in. Sample copies will be sent upon request, either to you or to a list of names and addresses that you may send.

Address: L. H. Higley, Publisher, Butler, Indiana.

IN A WINTER WOOD.

Into a winter wood
At the crest of morn I went;
The pine-tree stood like a tent
Of ermine feathery soft;
The hemlock wore a hood;
And many another bole,
Towering far aloft,
Was wrapped in a samite stole.

A gentle whispering
Seemed wafted from tree to tree,
Like a broken melody
Chorded tender and low;
"We are gossiping of spring,"
Said a birch with a friendly nod,
"Of how we will joy when the snow
Will let us look on the sod!"

Then came a truant crow
With a rusty, lusty note,
And a squirrel, sleek of coat,
With his chirrup ever glad;
So we all chimed in, and oh,
What a cheery, chattering,
Frolicsome time we had
Just gossiping of spring!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your job will be set right and printed right at the

OAKLAND PRINTING SHOP

743 E. 39th Street
Phone Kenwood 6535

WAR?

PUBLISHED BY

Collegiate Anti-Militarism League

DECEMBER 1917

Democracy and the War Castes
Our Present Day Tasks
The Russian Situation
Questions for Collegians
A Letter from a Conscientious Objector
The Cheyney Case

Vol. II, No. 1 Price 10 Cents

LANSDOWNE, PA.

The Resistance of Non-Resistants

There are higher weapons than bullets and bayonets and finer courage and nobler heroisms than those manifested on the charging line of those who seek to kill their enemies.

Some valiant achievements on these higher battle grounds are recorded in the three little books mentioned below from the pen of REVEREND FLOYD HARDIN, *Organizing Secretary of the Western Extension Committee of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.*

Enclose 25 cents, address to **Rev. Floyd Hardin, Santa Barbara, California,** and the following will be sent you postpaid:

"War and the Moral Reconstruction of Theology"
"Plea of a Christian Pacifist in Court"
"An Unlawful Assembly in Jail"

DREXEL Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 5-1288

4051 Drexel Blvd.

Pierce Arrow, Packard and Stearns

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

Our Rates Lowest in Chicago

Let Us Hear from Lincoln Centre If It Pays to Advertise

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works

INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Sample Copies of UNITY Sent Upon Application

GREGG SHORTHAND MEANS OPPORTUNITY

for patriotic service in business and in the Civil Service. Stenographers are urgently needed everywhere.

GREGG SHORTHAND training saves time in learning, makes expert stenographers and assures good positions to graduates.

GREGG SCHOOL is delightfully located. All rooms are light, well ventilated, splendidly equipped, and the environment the best. In the matter of personal instruction, a genuine interest in each student and in every detail that makes progress resultful, the school is unequalled.

START ANY MONDAY—DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS

WRITE or telephone (Randolph 6040) for catalogue. A visit to the school is the best way in which to judge of the many exclusive advantages enjoyed by our students. (We do not employ solicitors, canvassers or agents.)

GREGG SCHOOL

6 N. Michigan Ave., Corner Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue